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THE PLAYERS IN WYCH STREET.

(Continued from page 180.)

Farren was succeeded at the Olympic by a no less celebrated actor, Alfred Wigan, whose reign commenced on Monday, the 17th of October. The new lessee had the wisdom to secure Robson, together with a very compact and efficient company, including Messrs Emery, Leslie, H. Cooper, Franks, Mrs Stirling, Mrs Chatterley—a once distinguished actress, who, at a long interval, now returned to the stage for the line of first old women—Miss P. Horton, Miss Wyndham, and Mrs Alfred Wigan, together with some others of less note. Mr Wigan was his own stage-manager, assisted by his clever wife, Mr W. S. Emden, the acting-manager, and Mr T. German Reed, musical director. The scenic artist was Mr Dayes. The opening pieces were a *revue*—a species of entertainment then much in vogue—from the pen of Planché, entitled *The Camp at the Olympic*, and a drama in three acts, *Plot and Passion*, written by Tom Taylor. The first of these served its temporary purpose of appropriately introducing the various members of the new company. The second, written with great care and power, had a much more important success. Three of the leading parts in *Plot and Passion* were admirably sustained by Emery, Alfred Wigan, and Mrs Stirling, whose "Madame De Fontanges" was played with surpassing grace and passion. But the triumph of the evening was won by Robson, who created an extraordinary impression by the combined subtlety, energy, and *finesse* of his acting as "Desmarets," a secret agent of the Minister of Police. Generally speaking, the favour accorded to the new management was instantaneous, and the house soon became more thoroughly the resort of the highest class of theatre-goers than had been the case since the still affectionately-remembered days of Vestris. It suddenly became "the right thing" to go and see Robson, for whom *The Wandering Minstrel* was again revived in November, and his singing of "Villikins and his Dinah" in this piece was so much "the rage" that the song—paltry and vulgar though it was—might for some time be found in nearly every drawing-room of the metropolis.

The management received its first check in the total failure of the pantomime which it essayed at Christmas. *Harlequin Columbus*, concocted by Tom Taylor, was extremely clever, and expensively put upon the stage, but it was entirely wanting in fun and "go," and had to be withdrawn after only a twelve nights' run. The arrangements of the theatre therefore were completely put out, and, at the commencement of 1854, the Wigans had to fall back upon such light pieces as *The First Night*—for the lessee and Miss P. Horton—*The Bengal Tiger*, *The Lottery Ticket*, and others of a similar kind, pending the production of a novelty which had been for some time in preparation. This was a piece of *diablerie*, in a prologue and three acts, entitled *The Love-Lock*. It was evident that no expense had been spared in the getting up of this piece, which was mounted in the most elaborate style, and the entire strength of the company was engaged in its representation. The failure, however, was so pronounced that the managers declined to authorise its repetition, and the new drama was therefore immediately withdrawn. The author of *The Love-Lock* was Henry Fothergill Chorley, possibly the ablest, and certainly by far the bitterest, musical critic of his time. In addition to his knowledge of music, which was really great, Mr Chorley was a clever, though somewhat pedantic, poet and *littérateur*. But he was no playwright, and hence his attempts at stage-writing invariably resulted in disaster. Nor was the present any exception to the general rule, for rarely has a more complete *fiasco* been witnessed than that of the "new and original dramatic legend" of *The Love-Lock*.

Plot and Passion now once more resumed its place in the programmes, and was followed in March by *To Oblige Benson*—an adaptation in one act by Tom Taylor—with Robson and Mrs Stirling as "Mr and Mrs Trotter Southdown." On Monday, the 1st of May, Mr Horace Wigan made his first appearance—under the stage-name of Danvers—as "Paddy Murphy" in the farce of *The Happy Man*. *Hush Money*, a favourite in the days of Vestris, was also reproduced, with Robson in the part of "Jasper Touchwood," and in July Colman's old comedy, *The Jealous Wife*, was revived, with the Wigans as "Mr and Mrs Oakley," and an otherwise excellent cast. The season, which, notwithstanding the above contrarieties, had been very prosperous, came to a conclusion on Saturday, August the 12th.

When Mr Wigan commenced his second season, in October, Mrs Chatterley and Miss Priscilla Horton were replaced by Mrs

Fitzallen and Miss Julia St George. Miss Fitzpatrick—who appears to have quickly seceded—Miss E. Ormonde, Messrs Fred Vining and Gladstone were also added to the old company. A new farce by Tom Taylor, *A Blighted Being*, for Robson, was the first novelty, speedily followed by a two act adaptation from the French, *The Trustee*, carefully got up, and very well played by Emery, A. Wigan, F. Vining, and Miss Maskell. Another old Olympic barletta, *The Beulah Spa*, was revived in November, and served to introduce Miss St George and Mrs Fitzallen, whilst Robson was to be seen in Keeley's original part of "Magnus Templeton." Old memories of old days were indeed pleasantly revived at Christmas by a new fairy extravaganza from the ever-fresh and welcome pen of Planché, entitled *The Yellow Dwarf and the King of the Gold Mines*. Robson was considered to have surpassed himself as "Gam-Bogie," which will be for ever classed amongst his most striking impersonations. Horace Wigan, Mrs Fitzallen, and the Misses Ormonde, Marston, Bromley, and Julia St George, were also seen to great advantage in *The Yellow Dwarf*, the reception of which was triumphant. It ran for exactly five months. Mr George Vining and Miss Castleton joined the Olympic early in 1855, but the great attraction of the extravaganza rendered any alteration in the bills for a long period quite unnecessary. On Monday, the 14th of May, however, a change of importance took place, with the production of a new and original comedy by Tom Taylor, *Still Waters Run Deep*. The original cast of this comedy comprised:

Mr Potter	Mr Emery.
Captain Hawksley	Mr George Vining.
John Mildmay	Mr Alfred Wigan.
Dunbilk	Mr Horace Wigan.
Langford	Mr Gladstone.
Markham	Mr J. H. White.
Gimlet	Mr Harwood Cooper.
Jessop	Mr Franks.
Servant	Mr Moore.
Mrs Mildmay	Miss Maskell.
Mrs Hector Sternhold	Mrs Melfort.

The success of *Still Waters Run Deep* was from the first very great, although Mrs Melfort—a very useful actress in her own line—proved unequal to a part of such importance as "Mrs Sternhold." She was replaced after a few nights by Mrs Alfred Wigan, to the great advantage of the general ensemble.

The School for Scandal was revived, for the benefit of Alfred Wigan, on Friday the 22nd of June, when Mrs Stirling, long absent from indisposition, reappeared in complete possession of her powers, as "Lady Teazle," which she looked, and dressed, and acted, to perfection. Amongst other noticeable features were the "Mrs Candour" of Mrs Alfred Wigan, the "Sir Peter" of Emery, the "Joseph" of Wigan—a highly finished performance—the "Charles Surface" of George Vining—scarcely inferior to the other—and "Moses," which the genius of Robson entirely lifted out of the category of small parts. So remarkable an impersonation of the crafty Jew can have been rarely witnessed at any period, on any stage. This revival, which was mounted with much care, proved so decided a hit that it was repeated on many subsequent occasions, and, amongst others, for Emery's benefit, on Wednesday, the 18th of July, when *Robert Macaire* was appended as an afterpiece, with that actor as "Robert," and Robson as "Jacques Strop." The winter season commenced on Saturday the 20th of October, with *The School for Scandal*, followed by a new farce for Robson, *Catching a Mermaid*, by Stirling Coyne. The old comedy was repeated on several following Saturdays, the intervening nights being devoted to *Plot and Passion*, and *Still Waters Run Deep*. Mr Dayes, the late scene-painter, had been succeeded by Mr Gray, who brought with him a young pupil, by name—Hawes Craven. *The Jealous Wife* was revived before Christmas, with Mrs Stirling as "Mrs Oakley." On Boxing night the name of Planché once more appeared as the author of a new fairy extravaganza, culled from the stores of Perrault, and entitled *The Discreet Princess, or The Three Glass Distaffs*. The "Princess Finetta" and her two foolish sisters were respectively assigned to Miss Julia St George and the Misses F. Ternan and Marston; Emery made an admirable "King Gander," whilst of Robson it will suffice to say that he was, as usual, the life and soul of the piece, and that his "Prince Richcraft" formed, in all respects, a right worthy pendant to his "Gam-Bogie."

(To be continued.)

THE MIKADO.

Original humour is so exceedingly rare, that when it is found acknowledgment should not be withheld. The success of the new and admirably humorous Opera produced on Saturday, March 14th, at the Savoy Theatre, coming as it does after so many other works similar in motive and treatment from the same pen, raises anew Mr W. S. Gilbert's claims to consideration as a dramatic humorist; and it must be cordially admitted that he has struck out a new path and pursued it with peculiar skill. When Mr Gilbert began to write for the stage, the only comic plays known beneath the rank of comedy were farces and burlesques, and the latter were for the most part very sorry productions. Such wit as the punster may claim they contained; for the rest, it was essential that the character of a woman should be assumed by a man, that actresses in doublet and hose should appear as princes; and music-hall songs and dances of a vigorous description were the features of every scene. Between the humorous and the merely grotesque no distinction was recognized, and vulgarity overshadowed all. Burlesque had deteriorated since Planché's day, though with regard even to that neat playwright the reader of his published pieces will be apt to surmise that, light and graceful as many of them were, they owed a very great deal to the good fortune which led to their representation by such popular and capable players as Mme Vestris, Charles Mathews, Robson, and the chief associates of these famous comedians. Planché's successors coarsened the lines he had followed, and worked with a heavier hand. To find an eccentric wig, a preposterously long nose, or some other physical peculiarity, was the practical aim of the burlesque actor. It remained for Mr Gilbert, in his *Trial by Jury*, to depart from the traditions of the stage. He perceived that if a Judge seated on the Bench, and in all externals resembling what he represented, did and said quaint things, the incongruity would be far more telling than if he entered with a comic step and a reddened nose. This was much. But it was more that Mr Gilbert could provide his Judge with the quaint things to say and also to do; for he had grasped the fact that what is said on the stage is at least as important as what is done. The discovery was novel and valuable, and Mr Gilbert has steadily followed it out. The foundation of all the pieces for music which he has written since *Trial by Jury* has been the pursuit of a preposterous idea to its logical end. A respectable tradesman in business as a sorcerer; a young man of strictly conscientious principles articulated to a pirate chief; a shepherd half human and half a fairy; a Japanese nobleman who unites contradictory offices in his own person—such are the characters which Mr Gilbert treats with assumed gravity, and with a wonderful facility of fantastic perception. The scheme of these plays is completely original. Nothing of the sort has been seen in England or in France. Across the Channel there have been of late years some excellent burlesques. MM. Meilhac and Halévy's piece, *La Belle Hélène*, to name no other plays by these ingenious writers, must not be omitted from mention when burlesque is being discussed, for in such parts as that of Calchas the summit of excellence in the familiar school of burlesque is nearly reached. But Mr Gilbert's method is exclusively his own.

The excellence of Mr Gilbert's libretto was distinctly foreshadowed in the "Bab Ballads," by which his name was first made known. There was the same logical pursuit of an eccentric idea. The curious dexterity of rhyme exhibited by the authors of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and the "Ingoldsby Legends" Mr Gilbert shares, but this is the only likeness between them. The writer of the "Bab Ballads" comes, perhaps, nearer to the author of "The Loves of the Triangles" than to anyone else; but the transference of a ballad to the stage, the making of a poem into a play, is a difficult matter, and the extreme care with which Mr Gilbert carries out every portion of his task accounts in a great measure for his success. The strictest attention is bestowed upon apparently insignificant details, which the dramatist as a rule leaves to chance, or at least cares little about. When, in *H.M.S. Pinafore*, a ship was to form the scene, the model of a man-of-war was built up. In *The Mikado*, as the new opera is called, it is understood that the dresses have been imported from Japan, and the manners and customs of the Japanese studied under masters and mistresses who fortunately happen to be conveniently accessible. All this is a development that was never dreamed of a few years since—before, in fact, Mr Gilbert set the fashion. In the same way, every point and possibility of the action is carefully thought out and arranged. Complete unity of design is thus ensured. Great actors and actresses are certainly not to be made under this system, where the author devises all, and undertakes all responsibility, for the actor's initiative has little scope; to this, however, Mr Gilbert would probably reply that it is not his business to make great actors and actresses, but to secure the most effective interpretation for his operas. There is a humour of action as well as of speech; and it is the peculiarity of these pieces that both are attained. Audiences are aware of a

difference between the presentation of a comic opera at the Savoy and elsewhere; but probably only those who are skilled in theatrical matters understand how the finish which marks pieces at this house is obtained. It is the result of intelligent labour by a practised and cunning hand, and is the legitimate reward of endless trouble and attention to details. There is nothing hurried or "scamped" in the pieces produced at the Savoy. There is no resting upon the ears—no idleness after success—no attempt to take advantage of previous successes, in order to pass off inferior work upon the public. Those are great recommendations, and deserve recognition and approval.

An opera was formerly described as the work of its composer. Few hearers consider how much Meyerbeer owes to Scribe; and so it is with most composers, and, as they were somewhat contemptuously called, "librettists." The honours of the Savoy operas are, however, equally shared between the writer and the musician, between Mr Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The collaboration of the two has had the happiest possible results. No living composer is richer in the gift of melody than Sir Arthur Sullivan—it might, indeed, be said that none is so rich. But this is not all. Melody by itself is always welcome; appropriate melody is doubly so; and it is the musician's faculty of entering into the spirit of the author that adds a special charm to these works. By other composers of comic opera the sentiment of the words has, of course, been to a certain extent considered. The "Dites-lui" of the Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein, the enlivening Song of the Glass, the mock heroic Sabre Song, the simplicity of Perichole's Letter Song, and a dozen other examples from Offenbach might be instanced; but in comic opera no musician has entered so thoroughly into the vein of the author as Sir Arthur Sullivan enters into the vein of Mr Gilbert. A distinction ought, indeed, to be made between the purely sentimental ballads which frequently occur in these operas, and those which have a vein of railery running through them, slight as the distinction is. The scoring of a number frequently gives it new significance and expression, and strokes of humour, such as that obtained by the repetition on the bassoon of a phrase of the Sorcerer's Song, often provoke a smile. Musical humour of this sort can be felt, though it would be extremely difficult to say why it is humorous. Were the surroundings serious instead of comic, such a piece of writing as the incantation scene in *The Sorcerer* would be accepted as genuinely powerful, and evidences of equal power are often found in the *finales*. The fluency and dash of the melodies in *H.M.S. Pinafore* were recognized all over the world, and in *The Mikado* Sir Arthur Sullivan has apparently had no trouble in giving, when needful, what will be accepted as character to his music. It may be true that the March which brings on the Mikado in the second act, a veritable Japanese composition, leads to the doubt whether the conventional idea of Japanese music has any foundation. But it is certain that these operas contain some of the most charming ballad and concerted music that has been composed during the last few years. An air of refinement never before associated with the idea of comic opera pervades the whole entertainment. It is creditable to the stage that at a time when the novelist so often claims and exercises a licence which approaches to libertinism, a writer of comic opera, into which unpleasant suggestiveness can be so easily imported, should have taken this new departure. By such pieces as those produced at the Savoy the tone of the theatre is raised. Weak places are to be found, no doubt, but the influence of the works is distinctly wholesome, and their extraordinary success a matter for honest congratulation.—S. S. (S.)

MUSIC AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.

(From a Correspondent.)

In honour of Georg Friedrich Händel the Cæcilienverein selected for their second concert the great composer's *Judas Makkabäus*, which has not been given since the season 1860-61. The performance, under the direction of Musikdirector C. Müller, was carefully prepared and was given in excellent style. The soloists, Mdlle Overbeck (soprano), Mdlle Schmidlein (mezzo-soprano), Mr Candidus (tenor), and Herr Hermann Taeger (baritone), did full justice to their parts. The choruses, as expected from the members of the Cæcilienverein, went admirably and sounded beautiful. The orchestra was of accustomed excellence.

The 8th Museum's Chamber Music Evening offered compositions of composers of the present period: Trio by Dvorák, Quintet by Urspruch, and Quartet, Op. 74, a less known but charming work, and C dur Sextet, both by Brahms. In lieu of pianoforte assistance some vocal numbers were given at this concert. Mdlle Antonie Kufferath, from Brussels, a charming lyric singer, sang *Lieder* (from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* and from *Die Myrthen*) by Robert Schumann,

of which "Heiss mich nicht reden," "Du bist wie eine Blume," and "Der Nussbaum" were particularly well received, the last named having to be repeated.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society presented Gade's Symphony in C moll and "L'Arlesienne" Suite by Bizet. Mdlle Mozer, from Carlsruhe, played Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in C moll, for which she was recalled, and solo pieces by Schubert and Raff. Mdlle Beuther, of this city, sang divers songs in pleasing voice.

On the 20th inst. the tenth Museum's Concert took place with the following programme:—Suite for orchestra, No. 1, in D moll, by Franz Lachner; *aria*, "Die stille nacht entweicht," from the opera *Faust*, by L. Spohr, sung by Mdlle Marie Schröder-Hanfstaengl; Concerto for violin, in D dur, by Johannes Brahms, played by Concertmeister Hugo Heermann; Serenade for string orchestra, No. 2, in F dur, by Robert Volkmann; solo pieces for violin: "Andantino," by H. Ernst, and "Am Springquell," by F. David, played by Mr Heermann; and Overture to *Leonore*, No. 3, by L. Van Beethoven. Mdlle Schröder, the popular member of the opera company, was well received and much cheered in the concert-room. In deference to loud calls she bowed her acknowledgments without giving a repetition or an addition. Mr Heermann also met with great applause, both after the violin concerto and the solo pieces; in response to repeated calls he made his appearance, however not carrying his violin, indicated that the audience had to forego the pleasure of an extra number. The concert was admirable. Director Müller and the members of the fine orchestra were, as ever, artists.

Professor Julius Stockhausen and Doctor Bernhard Scholz took the initiative of arranging a concert, with the assistance of other artists, in aid of the fund for the benefit of the blind composer, Theodor Kirehner. Stockhausen delighted the audience with his rendering of different songs. Although his voice has lost in freshness, he has preserved all the art of singing.

A Handel *fête* was also given by Stockhausen, with the aid of the pupils of his Singing Academy on the evening of the 24th inst. The piece selected was *Acis and Galatea*. The choruses, "Den Fluren sei der Preis," "Selig sind wir," and "Klagt all ihr Musen," were given admirably by the scholars. Of the soloists must be named first Professor Stockhausen, who took the part of Poliphem, which he gave with masterly effect, adding some slight embellishments to the two airs. Owing to indisposition towards the end of the performance, a pupil of Stockhausen finished the part to general satisfaction. Robert Kaufmann (Basle), the well-trained concert-tenor, was *Acis*, and had to address his loving words to two *Galateas*: to Fräulein Bussjäger (Bremen), in the first act; and to Fräulein Rau (Darmstadt), in the second act. Both young ladies appeared to be painstaking and to possess good voices. The part of Damon was reduced to the air, "Bedenke o Knabe," sung in a very soft tenor, with the English text, "Consider, fond shepherd," by a young foreign gentleman, whose name did not transpire. There was no orchestra, and the piano accompaniment was played by MM. Uzielli and Trantwein.

At the Operahouse, Marschner's *Vampyr* was revived after a lapse of nearly twenty-five years. This opera with the abhorrent text never was popular here, there was a thin house, and the performance, under the direction of Kapellmeister Dessaff, was not one of the best, and did not score any successes. If the *Vampyr* failed to be an attraction, Rossini's *Tell* filled the house last night to overflowing, in spite of considerably increased prices (stalls, 10s.; boxes, 15s.) The Arnold of the evening was Mr Mierzwinsky, who, owing to indisposition, had deferred his *début* from Monday to Wednesday. Mr Mierzwinsky was well received; however, labouring under the effect of the indisposition, the first act did not come up to general expectation. In the second act he rallied and carried the house with his great manly voice. He was most enthusiastically cheered and called repeatedly, also three times at the close of the performance. Mdlle Schröder had studied the part in Italian, and sang the Mathilde much to the advantage of the performance. The receipts of the performance were £550. Mr Mierzwinsky's impressario, Herr Fischhoff, has arranged a *début* of Raoul for to-morrow (27th), for which all available seats are already taken.

At the 9th Museum's Chamber Concert this evening will be performed: Quartet, No. 7, in D dur, by W. A. Mozart; Quartet, Op. 17, in C moll, by Anton Rubinstein; and Quartet, Op. 95, in F moll, by L. van Beethoven.

On Monday, 2nd March, Der Rühl'sche Gesangverein—musical director, Bernhard Scholz—will perform Anton Rubinstein's oratorio, *Paradise Lost*, under the direction of the composer. The soloists will be Mdlle Julie Haering, from Genoa, and Mdlle Olga Israel, Mdlle Anna Goring and Mdlle Marg. Leussmann, pupils of the Dr Hoch Conservatoire of this city; Mr George Ritter, from London, Mr Eduard Pichler, and Mr Carl Pollitz, of Frankfurt. F. D. F.

Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Feb. 27th, 1885.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme of Saturday last was intended as a continuation of the concert of Feb. 28th, illustrative of the progress of instrumental music. Such lectures are generally more instructive than pleasing, the subject being too large a one to be dismissed in a couple of concerts. No fault can be found with the illustrations as far as they went, and the Sonata (first time in England) for double orchestra by Giovanni Gabrieli (1557) is, to say the least, interesting, being written for three trombones, viola, and violoncello, the treatment and form of phrases all arranged as if for voices. About a hundred years afterwards, the music of Henry Purcell marked another period, Mrs Hutchinson furnishing an illustration in the song, "Nymphs and Shepherds," from Shadwell's comedy of *The Libertine*, produced in 1676. Here every word has its appropriate music, and the dance and song marked by runs and modulations characteristic of the composer. The same remarks apply to Rameau, who, in 1739, composed an opera called *Dardanus*, in which a Rigadoun is introduced, now familiar to most concert-goers. Sebastian Bach, born in 1685, has written in every form and branch of music. Therefore, the Suite for Orchestra in D, given on Saturday, must be received as a very trifling illustration of his genius. Still, as played at this concert, although all the movements are in the key of D major, there is interest without monotony. Handel, born in the same year, is so widely known here, that the two pieces chosen to illustrate his style have been, no doubt, selected for their novelty. Both taken from the *Ode to St Cecilia's Day*, Mrs Hutchinson did full justice to the beautiful melody, "But, oh! what art can teach," with its long introduction for the organ well played by Mr Alfred J. Eyre. The second air, "Orpheus could lead the savage race," is called by Handel "Alla Hornpipe." Mrs Hutchinson executed its many florid passages with considerable brilliancy. The next illustration of instrumental music was indeed a great stride, for the *adagio* and *allegro* from Haydn's symphony named "Le Midi" pass all previous examples in scoring at least, and paved the way for the works of Beethoven and others. Mozart could hardly be said to be exhausted in his well-known bass solo from *The Magic Flute*, although it was remarkably well sung by Mr Watkin Mills. Passing from Mozart, the programme easily enters the domain of Beethoven, whose Nine Symphonies are so familiar to the frequenters of these concerts that an illustration of his greatness was hardly needed. Perhaps the *allegretto scherzando* and the *finale* from his symphony in F mark the originality of this greatest of great symphony writers, as well as any other extract. The deep feeling, the fancy, the extraordinary originality, and the humour of the composer are here finely displayed, and we ask, what can follow such happy inspirations? Certainly not Wagner's wild and somewhat disconnected *finale* to *The Walküre*, with all its masterly instrumentation. Wotan's "Abschied" and "Feuerzauber" was remarkably well declaimed by Mr Watkin Mills, and *Der Walküren Ritt* concluded the concert. An opportunity seemed to be lost for the introduction of Berlioz between Beethoven and Wagner, as there is no question about it, the latter drew a great deal of his inspiration from this master. As the concert was twenty minutes shorter than usual, some illustration of Berlioz would have been received with interest, and have employed the extra instruments that must be engaged when Wagner's inspirations have to be given. In such a concert as that of Saturday, Beethoven comes to the front—he has no one before him, and he has no successor—his music is as fresh as the latest work of the loftiest modern composer. It is always new, and now that it is understood and can be played as he intended it, rivalry is out of the question.

PHOSPHOR.

Ponchielli's new opera, *Marion Delorme*, has been produced at the Milan Scala, but not so successfully as was expected, the composer being called on only twenty-eight times.

Henry Litolf's opera, *Les Templiers*, with which the new manager, Verdhurt, intends inaugurating his first season at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, has been written some twenty years.

STATISTICAL.—*The Musical Courier* informs its readers that, of the 57 performances during the past season at the Metropolitan, New York, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Le Prophète* claim 9 each; *Die Walküre*, 7 (in three weeks); *Les Huguenots* and *La Juive*, 5 each; *Masaniello*, *Fidelio*, and *Guillaume Tell*, 3 each; *Don Giovanni*, 2; *Rigoletto* and *Der Freischütz*, 1 each. The average receipts for each performance were, for *Die Walküre*, 3,200 dollars; for *Le Prophète*, 3,000; for *Les Huguenots*, 2,819; for *La Juive*, 2,700; for *Lohengrin*, 2,515; for *Tannhäuser*, 2,500; for *Don Giovanni*, 1,862; for *Guillaume Tell*, 1,602; for *Masaniello*, 1,519; for *Fidelio*, 1,267. *Der Freischütz* drew 1,429 dollars, and *Rigoletto*, 1,133.

YET ANOTHER INTERVIEW.*

"Our son is fat and scant of breath."—*Old Play.*

MR. WILSON BARRETT.

The indefatigable interviewer of the *Daily News* has been at it again, the sufferer being Mr Wilson Barrett.

"Please talk business only," is the characteristic request painted on the window-pane opposite to the visitor who enters Mr Wilson Barrett's private room at the Princess's Theatre. All his friends know that when he is at home, on the banks of the Regent's Canal, no man is more conversational on a variety of topics. In the Priory, the house formerly inhabited by the remarkable woman known in literature as George Eliot, he is content to forget the cares of conducting many companies and theatres, and the conflicting opinions of Shakspearean commentators, but at the Princess's Theatre Mr Barrett is on view "for business only." He is by no means uncommunicative on genuine business matters, and on those affecting his profession as actor and manager.

"I am not," he observes, "about to devote my energies, such as they are, entirely to Shakspearean revivals. I have been fortunate in reviving *Hamlet*, and I am looking forward to *Othello*, *Coriolanus*, and other of our great master's works, though I have made no 'vow' about any of them yet; but I am not in the least prepared to abandon the drama, or if you please, melodrama, of contemporary life, such as *The Lights of London* and *The Silver King*, or the romantic drama of any period, such as *Claudian*. There is great pride and pleasure, as well as profit, in producing a new and successful play. Actors, of course, like to try their hand at Shakspeare, although it is a severe test."

"I suppose you have plenty of plays sent in to you?"

"Plenty, but I take leave to think that dramatic authors are mistaken in finishing off a play and expecting to direct its entire production themselves, without reference to scenic effect and many other things which go to make the success of a stage-play, together with a good plot striking situations, and telling dialogue. I wish to urge this with all modesty, but I think that the people who do the work of production can often help the author very much after he has invented his motive or mainspring. It is quite opposed to the method I have found most successful, to accept a play absolutely as it is written and subject only to the author's emendations. Everything, as it seems to me, on the stage is relative—the scenes in their order, the dialogue, the scenery, the very time and costume of a romantic play require to be carefully thought out and adjusted with reference to the capacity of the stage on which it is to be played, of the company intended to play it, and the season in which it is brought out. Managers who know their business will tell you that a play will succeed in May which would have failed in November."

"The late Mr Charles Mathews once expressed similar views in course of a conversation I had with him. He quoted 'London Assurance' as one of the most successful and durable of Mr Dion Bouicault's works, and attributed its being such a good acting play to Mr Bouicault's being a very young man when he wrote it, and permitting the actors and actresses to actually re-model and re-make it on the stage at rehearsal. Entire scenes, he told me, were cut out, written in, re-written, and re-cut again, before that very successful comedy was produced. Mr Mathews attached great importance to what is done on the stage; much less to what is said."

"I should hardly go quite so far as to say this of romantic or poetical drama. I am very anxious to get good dialogue. The essential thing is to get a good central idea. A good central idea can be adapted to a great many periods, a really fine one to nearly all."

"You remind me of what M. Sardou is reported to have said concerning 'Hamlet,' to the effect that it would make an excellent modern play. Hamlet is the son of a gentleman of large estate who is away shooting in the Rocky Mountains, while his mother and her paramour, his uncle, poison his father, seize on his property by means of a forged will, and get married. The supernatural machinery is quite unnecessary. Other doubtful evidence of the murder might be obtained, and the play scene employed. There are plenty of poisons which leave no trace, and can only be detected by observing symptoms."

"I am greatly honoured by being compared with M. Sardou. But numerous instances will at once occur to you in which a really great poetical or romantic play could be translated into a new clawhammer-coat-modern-realistic drama. It is the central idea which is the prime and the greatest difficulty. The rest involves a great deal of knowledge and labour. The central idea of *Claudian* when Mr Herman brought it to me was 'perpetual youth.' He had heard in his mental ears the one line ringing, 'Be young for ever.' It is not quite the converse of Tithonus, who asked for immortality but forgot to add perpetual youth, as you remind me, and is very

* Workers and their work.

different to the Wandering Jew, who is generally represented as old, or, at least middle-aged. It is more like a development of Mr Wills' Vanderdecken than anything else I can think of. Out of the man who was to be immortal and ever young, Mr Wills and Mr Herman worked out the piece, which was a gigantic success."

"You shared in the work yourself?"

"So far as suggestion goes, I always do. We all worked very heartily and pleasantly together. The exact period was selected after much thought and conversation. The idea could, as you will see at once, have been placed in the Crusading period, or anywhere in the Middle Ages, but we thought that we gained novelty as well as symmetry and beauty by placing the scene at Byzantium."

"Was 'The Silver King' arrived at by a similar process?"

"Not so complicated, but similar. In this play Messrs Herman and Jones' central idea was, I think very fine, and quite original. I do not recollect that it occurred to any one before to show a man feeling all a murderer's pangs of fear, horror, and remorse, followed by a sincere repentance for a crime he never committed, and which the audience knows from the first he did not commit. All these emotions have been portrayed over and over again, but by murderers, or at least by intending murderers, who have left their victim for dead, and consequently did not carry the sympathy of the audience like the Silver King."

"Do you think England now fairly supplied with dramatic authors? There is still the old complaint that we have no originality in this country."

"A complaint without foundation. I think we have now an exceptionally large number of excellent writers for the stage in different styles and in different degrees of excellence. I think it is a pity Mr W. S. Gilbert does not write more serious work than he does for the stage—he knows the whole matter so thoroughly. What he writes is admirable; but I should like to see him write a big drama, romantic or otherwise, with a strong motive. It would be sure to come out well if well placed. I also admire the extreme literary cleverness and brilliancy of Mr Herman Merivale. Mr G. R. Sims, a genius in his way, whose *Lights of London* was one of my greatest successes here, is yet to be seen at his best. Mr Wills I have already spoken of as an elegant and poetical writer. Mr Bronson Howard is a most capable and tender dramatist, and Mr Albery is full of ability not always well directed. Mr Pinero is likely to write a great comedy, and Mr Pettit and Mr Meritt are successful writers in their own styles, and have yet a future before them. I have already said that Mr H. A. Jones is one of the most original, inventive, and ingenious writers with whom I have been personally brought into frequent relation."

"Your financial transactions in connection with this, the Leeds, and other theatres are necessarily large?"

"The average expenses of my different theatres and companies amount to £400 a day. In a little more than three years I have paid one author considerably more than £25,000."

"After 'Hamlet' what are we to expect?"

"A charming one-act drama by Mr Brandon Thomas, and a poetical play by the late Lord Lytton entitled, for the present, *The Household Gods*, and treating of Brutus—Tarquin's Brutus, not Cæsar's. Here are models to scale as you see of certain scenes with antique Roman, Alban, Etruscan, and Pelasgic surroundings."

"But for the present 'Hamlet' suffices?"

"Yes. I know that my making Hamlet a young man was severely criticised. I don't for an instant complain of critics in general, who have treated me very well. I have received since the revival of *Hamlet* over sixteen hundred criticisms upon it—nearly all highly complimentary. I should be ungrateful indeed to complain under such circumstances. The arguments brought against me are drawn from the Gravedigger's remarks, and Hamlet's revilings of his mother. The first are the gags of a comedian and unworthy of notice, the second the passionate utterance of a boy who thinks everybody old who is over thirty. Did not you when you were twenty think anybody of thirty-five 'long in the tooth'? Hamlet is an unformed, a chaotic character—not mad—but vacillating, without the purpose or decision of a formed man."

"You don't care about the Gravedigger then. Why did not you cut him out?"

"There is a frightful outcry of sacrilege if you meddle overmuch with the text of Shakspeare. Yet it is like other old books, mixed and confused with excisions and additions. The Gravedigger seems to have been flung in to please the groundlings who could not follow the subtle brain-twistings of a Wittenberg student, whose youthful mind was confused with casuistical hair-splittings."

"You adhere, then, absolutely to the youthfulness of Hamlet?"

"As absolutely as Shakspeare does—who tells us again and again that Hamlet is a youth. This subject has been thoroughly thrashed out by Mr Moy Thomas in various articles. I do not dwell upon his being called 'Young Hamlet' any more than I do upon his thinking

his mother an old woman. A youngster, or junior, if not very juvenile, might be called 'Young Hamlet' as distinguished from his father. But I do seriously insist that men, and especially princes, left Universities at an earlier age in Shakspeare's time—and, if you please, although it does not matter, throughout the 'Middle Ages,' as Dickens called them—than they do now, and that it is ridiculous to suppose, on the testimony only of a drunken clown, that the heir-apparent to a throne would have been pottering about among priests and professors at the age of thirty, by which time he would certainly have commanded his father's armies in the field, and with equal certainty have been chosen his father's successor. Consider the analogies of Edward Longshanks and his father, Henry III., of Edward IV. and of his father, of Gaston de Foix, of Henry III. of France, of the second great Duke de Guise, and of a hundred other great personages whose career must have been perfectly known to Shakspeare. Setting aside a prince of the blood royal and heir-apparent to a throne, every gentleman of consideration not in the Church was on a battle-field before he was thirty. A soldier would have cut down Claudius when he had the chance without stopping to argue, like a bemused boy, about the scoundrel's soul, and its possible destination. I think it impossible to imagine Hamlet as a man. He is admitted to be popular. Had he been thirty years old he would have been popular with the soldiers he had led in the field, and would have killed the usurper, and again, according to historic analogy, have had his mother strangled in prison."

"Then you insist that he is quite a young man?"

"I do, and with, I think, the same fairness that I declare arbitrary and conventional divisions into acts in Shakspeare's plays as by no means binding on a modern manager. Here are Garrick's, Edmund Kean's, and Macready's acting versions differing very slightly, but differing, from one another. On the stage especially tradition goes for a great deal, and 'Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind,' thought to be a good line to bring down the curtain on the third act, was adopted by Garrick, Edmund Kean, and Macready without, I apprehend, any serious consideration on the part of those great actors whether the sense of the play is not better preserved by continuing the act through the scenes between the Queen and King, Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, down to 'Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me.' This seems to me to be the legitimate conclusion of the third act, and I think my emendation by no means 'sacrilegious;' for the division of a play into acts, like that of a book or an Act of Parliament into chapters, is often accidental, and governed by other considerations than those of logical sequence. What I have tampered with is the acting version, not Shakspeare's *Hamlet*; and I am proud to say that my restorations and re-arrangements of the text have met with the unqualified approval of the best actors of our time—men who have themselves played *Hamlet* again and again.

FOREIGN BUDGET.

(From Correspondents.)

BERLIN.—Weber's "Singspiel," *Abu Hassan*, will be performed at the Royal Opera-house on the same nights as Léo Delibes' ballet, *Sylvia*, which has been in rehearsal for some time. The principal characters will be sustained by Lola Beeth and Julius Lieban, Wolf officiating as conductor.—There has been no lack of concerts. Among the principal may be reckoned a so-called "Soirée of Musical Celebrities" in aid of two Russian charitable institutions; but the audience, in consequence, doubtless, of the high prices of admission, was not very large. Another charitable concert was given in the Marienkirche by the blind young organist, Ernst Matz, a pupil of Otto Dienel, the receipts being handed over to the General Institution for the Blind. Herr Matz played Prelude and Fugue in A minor, J. S. Bach; Adagio in A flat major, Ad. Hesse; Sonata in D minor, Otto Dienel; and Sonata in A major, Mendelssohn. The vocalists—Mme Bindhoff, Mdle Meinhold, and Herr O. Koch—sang various compositions by Hiller, Cherubini, Putsch, Handel, and Dienel.—Assisted by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Xaver Scharwenka, the pianist, Sally Liebling—who belongs to the sterner sex, despite the first part of his name, which is calculated to mislead—gave a concert on his return from America. He played various compositions, including a Concerto in A minor by Ed. Grieg and Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor; but the general impression seemed to be that his style had not improved by his Trans-Atlantic trip.—The last "Extra Concert" of the Berlin Philharmonic Society was, notwithstanding the attraction offered, by no means well attended. It opened with Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. Then came the *Fuite En Egypte* of Hector Berlioz. Mdle Katharina Klafsky, of Bremen, sang very effectively the E major air from *Fidelio* and "Elisabeth's Prayer" from *Tannhäuser*. Arthur Friedheim was warmly applauded for his rendering of Franz Liszt's

A major Concerto and a "Rhapsody" by the same composer. The concert wound up with the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, Professor Wüllner officiating as conductor.

GUMBINNEN.—Bernhard Naue, the violoncellist, died here on the 10th inst., aged 62. He was a son of the Royal Musical-Director Naue, of Halle, a friend of Beethoven's and of Paganini's. The Deceased achieved considerable reputation on the tours he made in Germany and Russia, partly alone, and partly with the Sisters Ferni, the violinists.

COLOGNE.—At the request of Herr Hoffmann, manager of the Stadttheater, Arno Kleffel, his conductor, wrote some new music for Goethe's *Faust*. It was very well received when the play in question was performed at the termination of a recent "Goethe Cylcus."

DRESDEN.—The cast of Wagner's *Walküre*, at the Theatre Royal; will be as follows: Brünnhilde, Mdle Lilli Lehmann, of Berlin; Sieglinde, Mdle Malten; Fricka, Mdle Nanitz; Siegmund, Gudehus; Wotan, Fischer; and Hunding, Decarli. Eventually, Mdle Malten will assume the part of Brünnhilde, and Mdle Schöller that of Sieglinde.

NAPLES.—Signor Florimo, the venerable keeper of the archives at San Pietro a Majella, lately received a valuable addition to the valuable relics of famous composers which are preserved in the library of the institution. It is the inkstand used by Meyerbeer when composing *Les Huguenots*. Signor Florimo obtained it, thanks to the kind mediation of the Countess Piscicelli, from a niece of the celebrated composer. This lady, Mme Anna Eberta, will, there is good reason for believing, also give an important autograph. Thus, the institution now possesses three famous inkstands: that of Scarlatti, which belonged successively to Porpora, Jomelli, Paisiello, and Zingarelli, before coming into the possession of Signor Florimo; that of Cimarosa; and that of Meyerbeer.

LEIPZIG.—On the 8th April, List and Franke will sell by auction a collection of autographs of celebrated composers. Among them are five musical autographs of Beethoven's, as well as MSS. of Schubert, Cherubini, Haydn, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Weber.

PARIS.—The *soirée musicale* by the Marquis and Marquise de la Rajata de Castrone, at their new private hotel in the Rue Jouffroy, was a great success. For a wonder, the programme was carefully carried out as arranged, all of the singers being pupils of the Marquise, better known, perhaps, as Mme Marchesi. These were Mme Gabrielle Krauss, of the Opera; Mdle Emma Calvé, of the Opéra-Comique; the Vicomtesse de Trédern; and Mdle Blanche de Castrone. The last-named is a daughter of the distinguished teacher of singing. She is an amateur of rare accomplishments. After Mme Krauss had given a sonnet entitled "Croyance," by M. Ambroise Thomas, the venerable composer left his seat, and, crossing the room, thanked her very warmly.

In Memoriam.

CHARLOTTE HELEN SAINTON-DOLBY.

Died 18th February, 1885.

Farewell! Thy sun in crimson glow has set
To shine where we may see it not—as yet.
Farewell! The fragrance of thy spotless fame
Shall linger long about thy honoured name.

How oft, in days gone by, thy matchless voice
Charmed grief away and bid sad hearts rejoice,
While every breath was hushed, and all around
The living words rang out in sweetest sound.

And still soft echoes of that voice are caught
Breaking from other lips that thou hast taught—
Taught, with untiring zeal and loving care,
Some portions of thy skill and grace to share.

"Rest in the Lord"—and be for ever blest!
"Rest in the Lord"—a peaceful, happy rest—
Thou whom we loved and trusted to the end—
Sweet singer, noble woman, faithful friend.

JOHN T. DODD.

Christine Nilsson celebrated on the 28th February, at Stockholm, the 25th anniversary of her first appearance in public, which took place at a concert under the direction of Franz Beerwald.

In consequence of the illness of Professor Rudolf, Julius Stockhausen will replace him in conducting the first performance in the Prussian capital of Bach's *Matthäus-Passion*, at the Berlin Garrison Church.

ST JAMES'S HALL.
MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
TWENTY-SEVENTH SEASON, 1884-85.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE FORTY-FIRST CONCERT OF THE SEASON

(LAST MONDAY POPULAR CONCERT)

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING NEXT, MARCH 30, 1885,

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.—Quartet, in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Schumann)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Recit., "O voi del mio poter," and Aria, "Sorge infausta," *Orlando* (Handel)—Mr Santley; Ballade, in G minor, Op. 23, for piano alone (Chopin)—Mlle Clotilde Kleeberg; Bergamasca, for violoncello, with pianoforte accompaniment (Piatti)—Signor Piatti; Mélodie, "Le Vallon" (Gounod)—Mr Santley; Tempo di Minuetto, with variations, in G minor, for two violins (Spohr)—MM. Joachim and Straus.

PART II.—Elegia, No. 2, and Tarantella, for contrabass, with pianoforte accompaniment (Bottesini)—Signor Bottesini; Nachtstück, in D flat, Romance, in F sharp, Canon, in B minor, for pianoforte alone (Schumann)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Lieder, "An die Leyer" (Schubert) and "Widmung" (Schumann)—Mr Santley; Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1, 3, and 7, for violin and pianoforte (Brahms and Joachim)—Herr Joachim and Miss Agnes Zimmermann. Accompanist—Signor Romilli.

LAST SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

THIS (SATURDAY) AFTERNOON, MARCH 28, 1885,

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

Quartet, in G, Op. 17, No. 5, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Haydn)—MM. Joachim, L. Ries, Straus, and Piatti; Duet, "Qual anelante" (Marcello)—Misses Henrietta and Gertrude Nunn; Andante and Rondo, for contrabass, with pianoforte accompaniment (Bottesini)—Signor Bottesini; Fantasia, in F minor, for pianoforte alone (Chopin)—Mlle Clotilde Kleeberg; Hungarian Dances, Nos. 4, 20, and 21, for violin and pianoforte (Brahms and Joachim)—Herr Joachim and Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Duet, "How lovely is the face" (Handel)—Misses Henrietta and Gertrude Nunn; Quintet, in A major, Op. 114, for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and contrabass, by desire (Schubert)—Miss Agnes Zimmermann, MM. Joachim, Straus, Bottesini, and Piatti. Accompanist—Signor Romilli.

MARRIAGE.

On March 13th, at the Parish Church, Ealing, by the Rev E. W. Relton, WILLIAM BOOSEY, of Hill House, Acton, to MABEL, second daughter of the late J. J. WATTS, of Lindsey House, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1885.

In Memoriam.

James William Davison,

Born, October 5th, 1813. Died, March 24th, 1885.

THE Proprietors of this Journal have asked me to make the sad announcement in their name that, on Tuesday last, its Editor, Mr J. W. Davison, passed away to his final rest. I fulfil their request with the sadness of heart which all those can understand who were admitted to intimacy with him whom now we mourn. If it were permissible on this occasion for the present writer to speak of himself and show how much cause he has to grieve, it would appear that the cause is great indeed. Enough that to my dead friend I owe more than can be stated—counsel and encouragement when both were precious; intimate communion which had all the value of an

extended lesson in the craft I had adopted, and criticism which healthily administered reproof no less than praise. I knew my friend well. Associated with him for years in the Editorship of this journal, and in the discharge of our common duties, the depths of his nature were familiar to me, and this is why I have now to utter only words expressive of a great loss. Characters like his are rare. He united to brilliant qualities of brain, one of the largest hearts that ever influenced human action for good. No one I ever met was more susceptible to the call of friendship. He may have had faults of judgment—let others decide—he had none of feeling, since in him there was a woman's capacity for affection with a man's steadiness on the side of his friends. As a friend, indeed, J. W. Davison was chivalrous, almost Quixotic. He knew nothing of half measures. In defence of those he loved, he was ready not only to draw the sword, but to throw away the scabbard and fight à outrance. Few dared to assail them to his face, no matter though the point touched upon was avowedly weak. With him they were perfect, and perfect was his devotion. Let us all acknowledge—as, in the palace of truth, we must—that a man capable of such thorough-going friendship, such unlimited love, is a character rarely evolved from the midst of the society in which we live. No wonder if all who looked beneath the surface of a manner that seemed often to trifle with seriousness were drawn to him by the bonds of an affection kindred to his own. He was loveable in his most wayward moods. He had a keen, incisive tongue, but to learn that in using it he had hurt a friend was with him to feel much more deeply hurt himself.

I am not now writing a biography. That will come in its proper place, and the present is intended simply as an eulogium. But even with a theme thus circumscribed, the space at my command is too straitened to admit of full development. That, for example, must be a lengthened chapter which adequately deals with Mr Davison's intellectual and literary powers. His mental faculties were quite remarkable, especially as they were affected by a peculiar emotional organization. He had all a woman's quickness of perception, and something of that feminine instinct which divines rather than reasons out the truth. Hence his opinions, when freely and seriously given, were of special value, and always a more or less safe guide to those who had learned to trust them. It may have been that his intuitive faculty was not an unmixed good, but, in any case, it was inseparable from his nature, and the mistakes it made were very few. Of his knowledge, within the range of the art he loved so well, I can only speak with wonder and admiration. A prodigious and accurate memory that never allowed a once-mastered fact to slip made him a whole library of reference, more trustworthy than most books. He knew the works of classical masters inside and out. Their history, their character, their themes and keys, were always at his command, thanks to the "dainty Ariel" of his memory. So were the history and character of the masters themselves, and the life-story of all the great artists who, for fifty years, had acted as their interpreters. This was the musical world in which he lived, and into which a peculiar jealousy for his heroes forbade new-comers to intrude without the clearest credentials. As our friend advanced in years, he failed somewhat to keep touch with the age. For him contemporary masters had but little interest; only the strange individuality of Richard Wagner now attracted, now repelled him. J. W. Davison lived with the great ones of a great age; and I can well understand that he saw none entitled to divide with them the allegiance of his intellect and his soul. As regards my dead friend's literary powers, I desire to speak with the diffidence of one who has been able to follow him only at a humble distance. What reader of musical literature has not

found refreshment when bathing his faculties, so to speak, in the pellucid stream of J. W. Davison's English? With the erraticism that formed part of his character, he would sometimes affect delight in long Latinised words, uncouth and unmanageable. But this was part of his ever-present humour. When writing an important article for the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*, humour was bid to stand aside, and then forth flowed a stream from a "well of English undefiled." Many of his readers must have thought, as they followed the clean cut, strictly sequent, sentences, that the task of writing them was an easy one. Nothing could be farther from the fact. J. W. Davison, when seriously at work, was a laborious writer. He would construct and re-construct his sentences till hardly an original word remained, and his MS. might have passed for a representation of scribal chaos. Yet, out of this chaos the compositor and the printer's reader evolved an order that was a delight. Pity 'tis that so much literary power should have been wasted in columns that were read one day and forgotten the next. Yet our friend was content. His was an ambition the fire of which had to be relighted every morning, and the success of a day sufficed till the next one came.

A word about his influence must not be omitted. It was always great, and at one time predominant. So high did he tower above his critical fellows, and so closely attach them to himself by his personal qualities, that he may be said to have shaped the musical course of the entire London press. In wielding his great strength he was sometimes hard upon aspirants for admission to Valhalla, but he rendered immense service to the highest interests of music as represented by those who wrote not for an age, but all time. On this account we are his debtors, every one. His aim was high; his motives were pure; his advocacy unceasing; let his reward be great.

There is no need to write more. Farewell, dear friend! May the earth lie lightly on thee, and flowers ever bloom around the place of thy rest.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

The funeral is arranged to take place at Brompton Cemetery to-day (Saturday) at twelve o'clock.

From "The Times."

We regret to announce the death of Mr James W. Davison, the musical critic, which took place at Margate on Tuesday afternoon. Mr Davison was singularly reticent about his private affairs, and modestly declined to have his biography inserted in any of the musical and biographical dictionaries. Even his exact age was not known to his friends. He had, however, at his death passed the appointed limit of three score and ten, and therefore belonged to the decade which gave birth to Mendelssohn, Schumann, Liszt, Wagner, and other famous musicians. His mother was a well-known actress, and he devoted himself from an early age to the study of music. Although not a brilliant pianist, he knew the resources of the instrument perfectly, and his advice was of great service in forming the taste of Mme Arabella Goddard, who, after having been his pupil, became, in 1860, his wife. Mr Davison also wrote several songs, mostly to words of Keats and Shelley, and remarkable for poetic feeling and refinement. His chief bias, however, was towards musical literature, and as a musical critic he will be remembered. Among his early efforts we may mention an eloquent and admirably written essay on Chopin, full of enthusiasm, and more than once quoted with approval by Liszt in his life of the same composer. It appeared anonymously, and later on, when the author's opinion of Chopin had undergone a considerable change, he looked upon his little volume—which, by the way, remained the only book or pamphlet he ever published—as a youthful indiscretion. For more than a quarter of a century Mr Davison was the musical critic of

The Times, but in 1878 his health began to fail, and soon afterwards he went to live at Malvern, and latterly at Margate, paying only occasional visits to London. His critical writings show the extremely rare combination of literary power of expression and technical knowledge of music. He was among the first to recognize the rising genius of Mendelssohn, to whom and his English disciple, Sterndale Bennett, he was attached by the bonds of intimate friendship. Like all good critics, he formed his opinions not by abstract reasoning alone. For the classical masters he had a feeling of profound reverence; Auber, and the French school of comic opera he appreciated highly, and the melodious beauties of Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti were sympathetic to his nature, but his heart was most in his subject when he wrote about Mendelssohn. It was, perhaps, for the same reason that he was apt to overrate the greatness of that master by the side of his contemporaries, notably of Schumann. Wagner's genius he acknowledged with some reluctance, but he was one of the first English critics to acknowledge the genuine, albeit eccentric, power of Berlioz. Whatever his opinions of special composers might be, he always advocated music of the highest class, and it was by his advice that Mr Arthur Chappell turned a series of very ordinary miscellaneous entertainments into the famous Monday Popular Concerts. The programmes written by Mr Davison for these concerts, from their beginning to the present season, contain some masterly examples of musical analysis. Mr Davison was a genial companion and an excellent talker. His reading was extensive, and had led him into remote by-ways of literature. He was fond of quoting the works of mediæval mystics, and some of the Arthurian legends of Sir Thomas Malory he knew by heart.

From the "Daily Telegraph."

We regret to announce that Mr J. W. Davison died, at Margate, on Tuesday last, after a prolonged illness. For more than thirty years well-known as a musical critic, Mr Davison exerted, during that long period, a marked influence upon the course of music in England. Possessed of engaging personal qualities, great knowledge of his art, and uncommon discernment, as well as fascinating literary style, he stood at the head of English musical critics. Though inactive for several years before his death, save as writer of the valuable analytical notes in the books of the Popular Concerts, Mr Davison will be sorely missed.

From the "Daily News."

Mr J. W. Davison, for many years musical critic of *The Times*, and one of the leaders of music in this country, died on Tuesday night. The deceased was born in London, October 5, 1813. He was an organist, a facile pianist, and composer of several songs and other works. He wrote in the *Musical Examiner*, and later in *The Musical World*. He subsequently became musical critic of *The Times*, which post he held at least thirty years. He was also for some years musical critic of *The Graphic*. In 1860 he married the celebrated pianist, Mme Arabella Goddard. Mr Davison was largely instrumental in founding the Monday Popular Concerts, and he continued his duties as writer of the analytical programmes of those concerts to almost the day of his death. Indeed, the proofs were ready to be posted to him at Margate when news of his decease arrived. As a sound musician and scholar, a powerful critic, and a perfect master of vigorous Saxon-English, Mr J. W. Davison was renowned among the musical writers of his day.

From "The Standard."

In the death of Mr James Davison, which occurred at Margate on Tuesday last, the musical and artistic world suffer an irreparable loss. He was born in London on the 5th of October, 1813, and his mother was the distinguished actress, Miss Maria Duncan (Mrs Davison). When Mr Davison's taste for music asserted itself he was first placed under the guidance of Mr W. H. Holmes, for the study of the pianoforte, while he worked with Mr (now Sir George) Macfarren at composition, producing several overtures, which were played at the concerts of the Society of British Musicians. He also

wrote a good deal for the pianoforte, and also set to music some of Shelley's poems—the settings still being, fortunately, available. His inexhaustible fund of knowledge, and his innate wit and humour, could not pass notice, however, and after several smaller efforts in the journalistic field, Mr Davison was appointed to the responsible post of musical critic of *The Times*—a position from which he only retired when illness really prevented him from following his active duties. His influence upon the progress and condition of musical art was great, and all of it was good. No one who knew James Davison—from his early intimates, Mendelssohn and Sterndale Bennett, to those who made his acquaintance in his riper years—felt otherwise than an affectionate respect for him. Thrown into the society of all the celebrities of the last half-century, as he was, and forming friends with whomsoever he met, it is much to be regretted that he failed to commit his memoirs to paper. Perhaps it would be saying too much to assert that he knew all music, but his memory was marvellous, and whatever his brain received it retained. The suggestor of the Monday Popular Concerts, and the writer of the analytical books of words, Mr James Davison fulfilled the mission of making classical music popular, and popular music classical; his loss is a loss to art, which all will deplore. Mr Davison married Miss Arabella Goddard, the famous pianist, and leaves two sons to bear an honoured and respected name.

From the "Evening Standard."

The lamented death of Mr J. W. Davison is a serious loss to musical literature and criticism. Mr Davison, in his capacity of critic, possessed the three great qualities which are the first essentials—he knew his subject thoroughly; he wrote with taste, force, and well-balanced judgment; and he was scrupulously just with a leaning towards kindliness. A link with the past is severed by his death, for he had the privilege of knowing and encouraging Mendelssohn before the master's fame was universally established, and his memories included the production of all the works which have come from the pen of great musicians during the last half-century. Mr Davison's taste was catholic. He delighted in the tripping airs of the light French school, appreciated at their just value the beauties of Italian melody, was an ardent devotee of Beethoven and Mozart—the gods of his idolatry—while he correctly estimated the power of Berlioz, hidden as it was at times beneath fantastic devices. With Herr Wagner and the modern German school he was never in cordial sympathy, and it remains to be seen whether, fifty years hence, the name of Mendelssohn or of Wagner will be the more highly esteemed—it remains to be seen, indeed, whether anything that Wagner has written will be familiar to the twentieth century, though it is not conceivable that the *Elijah*, and those works of Mendelssohn which are now best known, can ever do anything but grow more firmly in the affections of hearers. There is strong reason to believe that Mr Davison's judgment will be amply vindicated by posterity.

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead Is time long past; A tone which is for ever fled, A hope which is for ever past, A love so sweet it could not last, Was time long past.	There sweet dreams in the night Of time long past; And, was it sadness or delight, Each day a shadow onward cast, Which made us wish it yet might last, That time long past.
There is regret, almost remorse, For time long past; 'Tis like a child's beloved corpse A father watches, till at last Beauty is like remembrance cast From time long past.	

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.—On inquiry late on Thursday night, it was stated that Sir Julius Benedict had had a very trying day, and that there was no change for the better.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Kelsall Prize took place on Thursday. The examiners were Messrs A. Pollitzer, Ludwig Straus, and Gilbert H. Betjeman (chairman). There were ten candidates. The prize was awarded to Winifred Robinson.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.*

Handel and Bach! Their mighty names are the password of this year's musical season. At great and small gatherings all Germany celebrates the two-hundredth return of Handel's birthday and of that of Sebastian Bach, who was only four weeks his junior. A good year, that same year, 1685, and good soil, that little Saxon land! Handel and Bach, those two rulers in the highest domain of music, related by race and intellect, who never saw each other in life, are now striding arm-in-arm through all the temples dedicated to the art. Here among us the concert-rooms, and in Protestant countries the churches, also, resound with the lofty strains of the high-priests of German music. After various performances of their works for the organ and the piano, of their compositions for concert-room and chamber, the Handel Jubilee has been grandly celebrated with a performance of the oratorio of *Saul*, which will be followed by the first complete one here of the B minor Mass, as the worthiest kind of Bach celebration. We might now almost adopt as a motto for our concert programmes the celebrated inscription of the Leipsic Gewandhaus: "*Res severa est verum gaudium*," which admits of a twofold interpretation: Earnest things are a genuine delight, or: Genuine delight is an earnest thing.

I easily resist on this occasion the temptation of delivering a lecture on Bach and Handel, and restrict myself to a locally patriotic standpoint, which, however, is not without a somewhat extensive range. How have Handel and Bach become known in Vienna, and through what stages has the study of them passed? Bach and Handel, those colossal figures in our musical history, stand, in a certain sense, like gigantic janitors at the entrance of that history. With them begins whatever real life German music enjoys in the nation. Against this no objection, such as was lately attempted to be raised, avails aught; in this matter-of-fact position of Bach and Handel nothing is altered by the wish that the predecessors of both might be brought nearer to us by public performances. Those predecessors—despite their importance individually—have, as objects of study or amateur antiquarianism, fallen into the domain of historical interest. There were living musicians before Handel and Bach, but no music which for us is still endowed with life. For Vienna, nay, for all Austria, Bach's life and Handel's did not begin till long after their death. Handel had a great start; we may speak of the commencement of a Handel cultus in Vienna at a time when Bach was a complete stranger. This start is in the first place to be explained by the more popular power, immediately seizing on the hearer, of Handel's music, influenced as it was by an operatic style. But it is not to be explained by this quality alone. Handel owes his first victories over the public of Vienna to an Austrian Master: Mozart. It was through Mozart, who was induced, as we know, by Baron Von Swieten to study him, that the Viennese were first made acquainted with Handel's oratorios, in the arrangements which Mozart deemed it necessary to make of them. It was Van Swieten who organized the first grand performances of those oratorios in Vienna, and they were given in the large room of the Imperial Library, of which he was the director.† The cost was borne by several friends of art belonging to the higher aristocracy, nothing being charged for admission, and none but persons who had received invitations being present. Mozart directed these performances from 1787 to 1790, and furnished for them his well-known arrangements, which long held undisputed sway, of *Acis and Galatea*, *Timotheus*, *The Ode to St Cecilia's Day*, and *The Messiah*. Then Handel appeared and disappeared in Vienna by fits and starts. After Mozart's death, Handel's music completely ceased to be heard for some years. Then, in 1806 and 1807, the Theater an der Wien took up with great success *The Messiah* and *Alexander's Feast*. After a pause of another five years the Society of the Friends of Music interested themselves in the matter, the grand performances of *Timotheus* (1812, 1813) representing the first active steps taken by them: Then once more was Handel dumb for some years, till the old Society of Musicians (*Ton-*

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

† These performances were directly preceded by a single and perfectly isolated one of the Society of Musicians, who gave at the Kärntnertheater, in 1779, *Judas Maccabæus*, "a sacred opera" (*Singspiel*) "by Handel," a concerto for the flute, a concerto for the oboe, a concerto for the violin, and a concerto for two flutes, being played between the Parts by eminent popular artists.

künstler-Societät) suddenly shook off their exclusive Haydn cultus and for nearly ten years performed at the Burgtheater an oratorio by Handel, mostly *Samson*, *Jephtha*, or *Solomon*, as arranged by Mosel, alternately with one by Haydn (1820 to 1830). From that time forward they again ignored Handel for thirty-five years. During this interval the Society of the Friends of Music recalled him three times to the memory of the Viennese, namely, with *Belshazzar* (performed in 1834 for the first time!), *Timotheus*, and *Judas Maccabæus* (in 1840 and 1842 respectively). More recently, with the establishment of large choral associations, Handel was more and more honoured in Vienna; *The Messiah*, *The Ode on St Cecilia's Day*, *Judas Maccabæus*, *Israel in Egypt*, and *Belshazzar*, followed each other, mostly under Herbeck's direction, during the sixties. The oratorio of *Saul*—now selected by Hans Richter for the bicentenary celebration—was never performed in Vienna till the year 1873, when it was given under the direction of Johannes Brahms, and one of the greatest services rendered by him to the advancement of sacred music here is the fact of his having called into life a masterpiece which had remained unknown among us for quite 130 years. As an instrumental composer, Handel was exceedingly neglected by us, and as an operatic composer altogether unknown. It is a remarkable fact that, even during the time Italian *opera seria* held sole sway in Vienna, when the operas of Hasse, Bonno, Bononcini, Jomelli, D. Perez, and Gluck (at his Italian period) flourished, not a single opera of Handel's was performed either at Court or at the theatre. In this year of the composer's bicentenary, it would well have become the Imperial Operahouse, following the example set by Hamburg and other towns, to have produced Handel's opera, *Almira*, in the clever arrangement of J. N. Fuchs. It would have been the very first time one of Handel's operas had been performed in Vienna! We should not, it is true, learn from his operatic music in what his greatness consists, but we should learn what once contributed to obtain for him his brightest glory and reputation.

Not till long after we were acquainted with Handel did we become acquainted with his great contemporary, Bach. During my student period at Prague, where a serious taste for music, gravitating towards Leipzig rather than towards Vienna, then reigned, we were, it is true, expected to practise sedulously *The Well-tempered Clavier*, but not a note of Bach's existed as far as the public were concerned. People in Vienna first turned their attention to Bach in the beginning of the fifties, at a small private vocal association, held in the house of a lady—M^{me} Mauthner, wife of Dr Mauthner—gifted with a delicate feeling for art and a pupil of the Bach scholar, Mosewius, of Breslau. This homely little Bach Association, which was under the direction of Professor Joseph Fischhof, even ventured, in 1854, on a private performance of the *Matthæus-Passion* with pianoforte accompaniment, but was broken up the same year. In 1853 the Viennese heard for the first time the "Concerto for three Harpsichords," played by Fischhof, Dachs, and Balow, and, the year following, the funeral cantata, *Gottes Zeit*. It is from this time that we may date Bach's appearance in the concert-life of Vienna. It was some thirty years after his death that Handel first started into being among us, but it was not till quite a hundred subsequent to his that Bach did so. Interest for Bach increased only with extreme slowness after the first impulse had been given it; it was the establishment of the Sing-Akademie and the Singverein at the beginning of the sixties which rendered more frequent performances of Bach's choral works possible. The first grand performances of the *Matthæus-Passion* and the *Johannes-Passion* (under Herbeck), and of the *Weihnachts-Oratorium*, as well as of many Sacred Cantatas (under Brahms), mark the bright spots in this new Bach-period. But Austria can certainly not be compared with North Germany for the comprehensive and constant cultivation of Bach and Handel. In addition, however, to the heavy sins of omission committed by our concert-directors of old, there is another and deep-seated reason for our lagging behind: the difference between North German and South German taste in art and between Roman Catholic and Protestant views. That native country and religion are matters of indifference in the domain of music holds good only up to a certain point. We may call purely instrumental music a universal language if we like—but how about vocal music, when intimately combined with words foreign to our train of feeling and thought? Let the reader call to mind the sweetish pietistic verses of so many of Bach's Sacred Cantatas, and of the important part played in his works by the Protestant choral. Without being unjust, the

Protestant musician cannot make the same demands on Southern Germany that he makes on North Germany. Bach's instrumental compositions appear very rarely in the history of Vienna concerts; when they do appear there, it is generally in the modern arrangements of Esser, Abert, Raff, Bachrich, &c.

Of the beauties distinguishing the oratorio of *Saul* we spoke at length when it was first performed under the direction of Brahms. It made, also, a powerful impression when given lately under the direction of Hans Richter. Chorus and orchestra were admirable. Only it struck me that the *tempo* of most of the airs dragged, to the prejudice of the work itself as well as of the singers. Among these, the palm is due to M^{me} Cornelia Schmid-Csany. Her voice, a high, flute-like soprano, is small, but great is her vocal art. The delicacy and certainty with which she takes the note; the correctness of her intonation; her genuine oratorio-style—all are, indeed, models for fair young singers! Of our own artists, M^{me} Papier, and Herren Winkelmann and Reichenberg did what they had to do very carefully and gave general satisfaction.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

CONCERTS.

The second and last *Soirée Artistique* under the joint efforts of Mr Isidore de Lara and Henri Logé, like the first, was a thorough success. As was to be expected, a fair share in the programme was assigned to new songs by the clever *entrepreneurs*, amongst which were "Blended in Song" (De Lara) finely sung by Miss Ehrenberg; "One foot on Sea and one on Shore" (Logé), given with taste and expression by Miss Carlotta Elliott; and a very pretty song "With the stream," (Logé) by Mr Isidore de Lara, who, although labouring under indisposition, was amply rewarded for a faithful interpretation. His sacred song, "Mine to-day," showed the recuperative power of Mr de Lara, for it was capably rendered, encored, and had to be re-sung in response to a unanimous "call." M^{lle} Carini, in both her selections, "My Trust" (De Lara) and a Hymne, "Sancta Maria" (Faure) (the violin *obbligato* to which was well played by M^{lle} Levallois), produced a very favourable impression. The instrumental part of the concert was in good hands, the opening piece, Heller's "Pensées Fugitives," duet for violin and pianoforte, giving a foretaste of what was to follow. This was admirably performed by M^{lle} Levallois and M. Henri Logé, the latter artist following shortly after with a couple of pianoforte solos, a, "Nocturne in D flat" (Chopin), and b, "Farfalla" (Logé), played with *verve* and expression. Two violin solos, a, "Cavatine" (Raff), and b, "Airs Bohémiens" (Sarasate), were exquisitely rendered by M^{lle} Levallois, and the concert was brought to a close with a duet by Badia, "Ripeti a me," in which Miss Ehrenberg joined Mr Isidore de Lara, both artists singing with spirit and elegance. The conductors were Messrs Albert Visetti and Algernon Lindo.

A CONCERT was given at the Monthly Conversazione of the Literary and Artistic Society, held at Willis's Rooms, on March 3rd, the singers being Miss Penrose, Miss P. Featherby, and Signor Samuelli, the ladies contributing songs chiefly by English composers, and Signor Samuelli a "Serenata Napolitana," by Caracciolo, and a pleasing "Aubade" of his own composition. Recitations were effectively given by Miss F. Glamoye, viz., "The Story of the Faithful Soul," by Adelaide Proctor, and "Jealous Peterkin Peep," by S. Sharman. The brunt of the concert, however, was borne by the accomplished young pianist, Miss Lillie Albrecht, who played no less than nine pieces during the evening, and played them so much to the satisfaction of the audience, that, on each occasion, the talented lady was called back and most heartily applauded. In consequence of her success, Miss Albrecht has been invited to appear again at a future concert, and requested to play the same compositions, as they had given such general satisfaction. Miss Albrecht had the advantage of a magnificent Broadwood grand pianoforte, which enabled her to give full scope to her facile execution, as well as to her perfect phrasing. Her command over the *tour de force* of the modern school of pianoforte playing was exhibited to special advantage in Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," in D flat; and after her own "Grand Galop de Concert" Miss Albrecht was twice recalled, when she played a brilliant March of her own composition, which delighted the audience beyond measure.

A SOIRÉE took place recently at 8, Powis Square, Bayswater, during which a discussion on Women's Rights and the Franchise took place. The lady speakers, besides the hostess, Mrs Carter, distinguished themselves by their eloquence. A very fine musical treat followed, the vocalists being Miss Liddel and the Misses Molineux. Herr Lehmeier played several piano solos. A large and fashionable gathering assisted at Mrs Carter's delightful entertainment.

MISS ELISE FRENCH and Miss Anna King, two pupils of the London Organ School, under the training of Miss Anna Vogt, gave their first evening concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday, March 19th. The concert givers distinguished themselves in several duets and solos on the pianoforte, and elicited the marked approbation of a large gathering. After the Duo by Beethoven, and the Tarantella by Liszt, the two *bénéficiaires* were recalled to repeat their performance. A new song, "The River's Message," accompanied by the composer (Miss Marella Clark), was sung by Mr W. Nicholl (encored). Miss Adelaide Mullen pleased greatly in several songs by Raff and Villiers Stanford, singing with taste and refinement. The concert was a great success.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

At the Grand Opera, M. Ch. Gounod's *Tribut de Zamora* has been revived with certain alterations in the cast, the principal ones being the substitution of Mdle Dufrane for Mdme Krauss, as Hermosa, and that of Mdle Isaac for Mdle Dufrane, as Xaima. Mdle Isaac was much applauded in a new song, "Comme la pauvre fleur," written expressly for her by the composer. It is reported that this young lady intends leaving the Grand Opera at the termination of her present engagement and going on the Italian lyric stage. Mdle Figueat, also, is credited with a design not to renew her engagement with MM. Ritt and Gailhard. Another piece of news is that the negotiations which have been pending for some time past between those gentlemen and M. Faure have come to nothing.

At the Opéra-Comique, M. Paladilhe's *Diana*, after a brief existence, has made way for another novelty, *Le Chevalier Jean*, a lyric drama in four acts, music by Victorien Joncières, the composer of *Dimitri*, and book by Louis Gallet and Edouard Blau, who have taken their subject from a legend due to Matteo Bandello, a Milanese monk. The action is laid about the middle of the 12th century in Silesia, and the plot may be thus summarised: Jean de Lorraine leaves the beautiful Hélène, to whom he is devotedly attached, and sets out for Palestine to wage war against the enemies of the Cross. On his return, crowned with laurels gained in the East, he finds that the lady has become the wife of Count Arnold, an old friend of his father's, whom, hearing that Jean has fallen on the field of battle, and caring no more for aught in this world, she has married, to escape the odious importunities of the Count Palatine Rudolf. Crushed and overwhelmed by the heavy blow, Jean immediately sets out to combat under the Emperor Barbarossa against the Saxons. Count Arnold, also, joins the Imperial standard. Count Rudolf profits by Arnold's absence to persecute once more the Countess Hélène with his hateful addresses. Furious at their being rejected, he determines he will be revenged. He prevails on a young Page, Albert, who nourishes a hopeless passion for the Countess, to break into her apartments at night. The poor boy, apprehended in the act of doing so by his insidious adviser's agents, posted there for the purpose, is killed, and the Countess condemned to death for having been unfaithful to her marriage vows. Previously, however, to her being led to execution, a monk is allowed to hear her confession. That monk is Jean, who, broken-hearted and weary of life, has entered a monastery. In the course of the interview, he finds she still loves him, and, moreover, is innocent of the crime for which she is to suffer, unless some champion shall espouse her cause and kill her accuser in single combat. Jean does not hesitate. Throwing off his monk's frock, and once more assuming his coat of mail, he challenges her merciless accuser, whom he slays in the lists before Barbarossa and all his Court. Hélène now, it appears, a widow, for Count Arnold has met his death while doing battle against the Saxons, is pronounced innocent, and the Emperor promises to use all his influence with the Pope for the purpose of prevailing on the latter to release Jean from his monastic vows. On this the curtain falls. It may be objected that the above subject is not particularly adapted to the Opéra-Comique, and the justness of such an objection cannot be denied. The fact is the work was not intended for that theatre. It was written for the Grand Opera. M. Vaucorbeil, however, at the last moment declined it. It was next offered to the manager of the Opéra-Populaire, at the Théâtre-du-Château-d'Eau, but the collapse of the management prevented its production there. Then it was taken to the Italiens, and M. Maurel put it in rehearsal. But he, too, was obliged to

bring his enterprise to a premature conclusion. Lastly, it was submitted to M. Carvalho, who accepted and produced it.

The music of the first two acts, though musicianlike, flowing, and clever, is not especially striking. The pieces most worthy of commendation are the duet for the Chevalier Jean and Hélène, a chorale, a chorus of women spinning, and a touching song for the young page, Albert. But in the third act the composer rises with the subject. The act opens with a spirited drinking song and some sparkling ballet music. Then comes the great hit of the score: the duet of the confession, as it may be called, between the Countess, condemned to death, and the Chevalier Jean, in his monk's garb. This duet at once enlisted all the sympathies of the audience and ensured the success of the work. The fourth act, too, with its fine sestet and well written concerted pieces, though almost an anti-climax after the grand scene in the third act, produced an excellent impression and brought down the curtain amid unmistakable marks of approbation from a crowded house. To this satisfactory result the artists engaged contributed their fair share. This applies especially to Mdle Calvé and M. Lubert, two young aspirants for public favour, who were cast for the characters, the Countess Hélène and the Chevalier Jean, respectively, which they would have sustained had M. Maurel brought the work out at the Théâtre-Italien. Mdle Calvé possesses many gifts which justify her in hoping eventually to attain a prominent position on the lyric stage. Her personal appearance is greatly in her favour; her voice is sweet and pleasing, and she knows, moreover, how to employ it advantageously, as she triumphantly proved even on the first night, despite the nervousness from which she was suffering. M. Lubert, also, is the possessor of a fine, if not exceeding powerful voice, and phrases admirably. There seems every prospect that, like Mdle Calvé, he will take his place among the leading operatic favourites of the day. Mdle Castagné made an effective Page and gave her song in the second act with much true feeling. The personages of Count Rudolf, Count Arnold, and the Emperor Barbarossa, found thoroughly able representatives in MM. Bouvet, Cambo, and Fournets. The chorus had been well drilled; the orchestra, under the direction of M. Danbé, executed its difficult task with spirit and energy, and the *mise-en-scène* was eminently satisfactory.—Mdle Van Zandt's return to, and reception at, the scene of her early triumphs, have already been recorded in the *Musical World*. It will be sufficient, therefore, to state that she is now welcomed with even more cordiality than on her first re-appearance, and is as great a favourite as ever—if not greater. Indeed, were the truth told, the public are not without misgivings that she was somewhat unfairly treated, and, animated by a sense of justice, desire to make her what amends they can.—The next novelty will be M. Victor Massé's *Cléopâtre*, which is promised for some time in April.

A new work, a *Messe de Pâques*, by M. Ch. Gounod, was executed a short time since at the Church of Saint-Eustache. It is very austere in character, and its composer—who is charged with having drawn rather too freely on his reminiscences of Palestrina—himself says, "*Elle est en pierre grise.*"

COLONEL MAPLESON AS A FINANCIER.

(From the "Kansas City Times.")

As a financier Colonel J. H. Mapleson is the wonder of the world. Where he obtained his ideas is not known, but it is fair to presume that he picked them up at various times in the course of his thirty-five years' chequered career as an *impresario*. He is known from London to Bombay and from New York to the Golden Gate, and he has made and lost more money than 999 out of every 1,000 men you may meet anywhere. He plays with tens of thousands while other men are sweating blood over hundreds of dollars. A financial complication which would drive other men broken-hearted and well-nigh mad to a pauper's grave, is no more to him than a cold in the head, and the importunings of crowds of creditors are no more minded by him than would be the buzzing of a New Jersey mosquito. Judgments are hanging over his head by the score, but they worry him not. Ever since he came west the Colonel has been sinking money by the thousand every week, yet his good humour is not disturbed. Every day a *prima donna* sings he is beset by her husband or manager for the remainder of her salary, but these demands he takes good-naturedly. He seems rather to enjoy the excitement, and to thrive and grow fat over troubles which would kill an ordinary man.

The stockholders of the New York Operahouse are in trouble all the time he is their manager, and though they are anxious to be rid of him they no sooner get him out than they have to make terms with him again. He is the only man to be had it appears. Abbey tried opera, and his financial losses drove him from it for ever. Others have no better success, and whenever Italian opera is wanted America looks to Mapleson. Why he succeeds, or rather why he does not sink, is a mystery. He has no system, no strict business habits, and yet he worries through from season to season, sometimes has a big bank account and then again is apparently dollarless, but always floats and can at a moment's notice make a contract with any singer on the globe.

It is no secret that the colonel is several thousand dollars "in the hole," and he doesn't expect to get even until he reaches San Francisco. The uninitiated wonder why *prime donne* surround themselves with agents. If they could see an agent "boring" the colonel for salary they would understand how handy it is to have such a personage around. Patti's agent has been kept busy during the present western tour, and with all his importuning has not succeeded in obtaining the cash in full for Patti's nights. He holds due bills in his pocket now, and it is well known that Patti will not be asked to sing again until San Francisco is reached, at which place Mapleson expects to strike it rich.

A sad story, illustrating the situation, is told by the *Globe-Democrat* in connection with a serenade to Colonel Mapleson in St. Louis, the account being as follows:

The dirge from the balcony still fell in melancholy folds around the colonel.

Scarcely had Patti's agent turned away, with a doubting heart and the impresario's latest gift of "the finger" in his pocket, than Count Lolli, the tender-hearted husband of Mme Scalchi, tapped the colonel on the shoulder.

"Hello, Count!" said the colonel in a warm, friendly voice; "how are you?"

"O, I am my self all a right," the count answered modestly, "but de a madame she say she like to have a de mon."

"O, tell her that'll be all right, my dear fellow—she'll get it all in good time. Don't let her worry, my boy."

The colonel is always cheery. Monday evening Fursch-Madi's manager had an interview with the impresario just after it had been decided to change the bill and bring out an opera in which the madame appeared.

"I have already paid her," the colonel spoke in distinct tones.

A short conversation was had and the colonel began to figure. So much had been paid out at such a time and the figuring was continued until it appeared that a balance of about 300 dols. was due Fursch-Mahdi. "I will give you a check," the colonel then said, and so the clamourings of the agent were stopped with a check, and the colonel was again master of the situation.

The telegraph yesterday morning recorded the entry in a New York court, of a judgment for 12,000 dols. against the colonel. Some men would feel worried over such an episode. Colonel Mapleson, however, did not even trouble himself enough to talk about it, and when questioned concerning the matter seemed almost to have forgotten the existence of the plaintiff in the case.

"How does he manage to get through a season?" was asked one of the managers yesterday.

"Oh, we all have confidence in Mapleson. He is honourable and never breaks a contract nor causes one to lose by him—if he is watched," was the response.

MDLLE MARIE VAN ZANDT.

The opposition against Mdle Marie van Zandt manifested itself on Friday evening, March 20th, in a more direct and abrupt manner than on Wednesday, though it was fortunately arrested almost as soon as it was displayed. No sooner had Lakmé issued from the pagoda at the back of the stage than determined hissing—or, rather, whistling—was heard from the uppermost gallery, and the curtain was immediately dropped. After a short interval, during which the whole house—which was literally crammed from floor to ceiling, not a seat being left unoccupied—was busy discussing in loud tones the unusual occurrence of a curtain falling within five minutes after it had been raised, it was again lifted, and a commissary of police stepped forward, with the tricolour scarf, the emblem of his office, duly bound about his portly waist. As soon as silence had been restored, the august official approached the footlights, and solemnly addressed the following question to the audience: "Do you wish the performance to proceed?" Loud cries of "Oui, oui," were uttered in reply, on hearing which the police-inspector bowed and retired. After another interval the curtain was again raised. Lakmé again came forward, but this time she was received with applause, and as she continued to sing as perfectly as usual, in spite of evident emotion, the opera

proceeded without a hitch to its close. It appeared subsequently that the author of this disturbance was actuated by ultra-patriotic aims. He explained to the police-inspector that, having read in a silly article which appeared in one of the papers, that France had been insulted by America in the person of Mdle Van Zandt, he had felt it his duty to provide himself with a whistle, and hissed the fair songstress for the greater glory of his Fatherland.—*Paris Correspondence, "Daily Telegraph."*

Waits and Strays.

COMMUNICATED BY L. L. L.

PAPERS, ANECDOTAL AND JOCULAR, RELATIVE TO
GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL.

(BORN FEB. 23RD, 1685.)

(Continued from page 45.)

HANDEL'S KINDLIER HUMOUR.

Handel, wishing to make young Clegg leader of his band, *vice* old Castrucci, effected his object in the following way: He composed a violin concerto, in which the *concertino*, or second part, was purposely made as difficult of execution as the first. This piece he gave to Clegg, to be performed by him, accompanied by Castrucci—when the former executed his part with grace and facility, while the latter laboured through his portion in a lame and imperfect manner. Castrucci now yielded to his rival the palm of victory, and Handel obtained his wishes; but, nevertheless, retained Castrucci in the band, and remained his constant friend.

HANDEL LOVED A GOOD DINNER.

So do most people of good sense, particularly if the meal be accompanied (*ad libitum*) by good wine! One day, being obliged to dine at a tavern, he ordered dinner for three persons; but, as they did not arrive, hastily ordered the choice viands to be brought up. "We will do so," said the host, "as soon as the company arrives." "Den pring up to dinner *prestissimo*," replied the great Saxon; "I am de company."

HANDEL'S OPINION OF BRITISH COMPOSERS.

I am sorry to say that Handel had a thorough contempt for all our composers of the 18th century, from Dr Greene down to Harry Burgess—and not only composers, but organists too; for, after being long an inhabitant of this country, he used to say: "When I came hither first, I found among the English many good players and no composers; but now they are all composers and no players."

HANDEL'S OPINION OF FRASI'S STUDYING.

When Frasi told Handel that she should study hard, and intended to learn thorough-bass in order that she might accompany herself, he, well knowing how little this charming singer was addicted to application and diligence, said: "Oh, vaat may we not expect!"

HANDEL'S OPINION OF GLUCK.

When Gluck came first to England (1745) he was neither so great a composer nor so high in reputation as afterwards. And I remember, when Mr Cibber asked Handel what sort of a composer he was, his answer, prefaced by an oath, was "He knows no more of contrapunto as mein cook, waltz."

HANDEL'S OPINION OF MUSICAL PARSONS.

The Rev. Mr Felton requested Brown to wait on Handel, and endeavour to get his name as a subscriber to a new set of organ concertos. Brown, full of confidence, on account of the great opinion Handel seemed to have of him, and the care he took after the Brook Street rehearsals to save Brown from taking cold, had no doubt of success. He therefore mentioned one morning when Handel was being shaved, that Mr Felton, a clergyman, was about bringing out some organ concertos, and hoped to have the honour of adding his name to the subscription list, and presenting him with a copy of the work. Handel, putting the barber's hand aside, got up in a fury, and with his face white with passion and lather, cried out with great vehemence, "Tamm your seluf, and go to der Teufel—a barson make concertos! why he no make sarmon?" Brown, not wishing to have the barber's bason after him, got out of the room as fast as he could lest he should be more barbarously handled.

He could not be considered a man who, as a rule, was of a very generous disposition. But, on the present occasion, he produced, after dinner, a bottle of wine. It was of exceptionally exiguous dimensions. Pouring out a glass for each of them, he said to his Friend, "I want you to tell me your frank opinion of this wine. It is a bottle I have had in my cellar upwards of five-and-twenty years. What do you think of it?"—"Well," replied his Friend, "I think it is very small for its age."

. WAIFS.

Faure has returned to Paris from Monte Carlo.

Teresina Tua continues to be much applauded in Petersburg.

A new opera, *Alaric*, by G. Vierling, will shortly be produced in Riga.

Emma Turola has been created "Imperial Austrian Chamber Singer."

Massenet's *Manon* was well received at the Grand-Théâtre, Geneva.

The Heckmann Quartet have made a very favourable impression in Brussels.

After terminating his Turin engagement, Stagno made a short stay in Milan.

Mdlle Mary Krebs took part in the 6th "Harmonieconcert" in Magdeburg.

M. Gariboldi, the well-known composer, will arrive in London from Paris next week.

The title of Royal Prussian Professor has been conferred on Xaver Scharwenka, Berlin.

Frederick Archer has been appointed organist at the Church of the Pilgrims, New York.

Ernest Lefèvre's unpublished opera, *Yvonne*, has been successfully performed at Rheims.

Gounod's *Faust* was recently performed for the 100th time at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

Halir, Freiberg, Nagel, and Grutzmacher, have been giving Chamber Music Soirées in Jena.

Signora Kupfer-Berger and the tenor, Stagno, have been singing together with much success in Turin.

Mdme Fidès-Devries has been singing in Holland with much success in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*.

Mdme Theo's business in the United States was wretched, but Mexico has proved a perfect El Dorado.

Franz Liszt's so-called Symphonic Poem, *Tasso*, was performed at the fourth Philharmonic concert, Pesth.

Fanny Rubini-Scalisi, who has been singing in *Faust* at the Teatro Municipale, Nice, is a great favourite there.

Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* will be performed at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, about the middle of next month.

On the 11th April, Charles Lamoureux, with his orchestra, will give a "Festival" concert at Roubaix, and at Lille on the 12th.

Marcella Sembrich and Ladislaus Mierzwinski—both Poles—will shortly appear together at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Victor Gluth's opera, *Der Trentajäger*, is in preparation at the Theatre Royal, Munich, with a cast including Vogl and his Wife.

The inauguration of the Michael Glinka Monument at Smolensk will take place on the 20th May, the anniversary of the composer's birth.

The Prince of Schwarzburg has conferred the Schwarzburg Gold Medal for Art and Science on Herr Krolp, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Wednesday being the *fête* of the Annunciation, Mr G. A. Osborne's anthem, "The Lord is with thee," was performed at Westminster Abbey.

Taborszky and Parsch, publishers at Buda-Pesth, have presented Franz Liszt with a silver hand-bell, the handle of which is set with diamonds.

Julius Lieban, buffo tenor at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, has appeared successfully at the Stadttheater, Posen, as Max in *Der Freischütz*.

Albert Vizontini denies the report published in several papers that he has resigned the management of the Michael Theatre, Petersburg.

After the lapse of many years, Marschner's *Vampyr*, with Betz in the title part, will shortly be performed again at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Carl Millocker is invited to conduct the 200th performance of his *Gasparone* at the Neues Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin, on the 16th April.

The basso, Herman Devries, for the last three seasons at the Grand-Théâtre, Marseilles, is engaged for three years at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Hans von Bülow, with the Meiningen Ducal Orchestra, is to give a concert to-day, the 28th inst., at the Berlin Singakademie, the first three movements of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony being included in the programme.

It appears that the Teatro Costanzi, the newest, finest, and most comfortable Theatre in Rome, may soon either be pulled down or diverted from its original use.

Mdme Pauline Lucca will appear next autumn at the Theatre Royal, Dresden, in Bizet's *Carmen*, and Götz's *Widerspenstiger Zähmung* (*Taming of the Shrew*).

A Philadelphia paper in a criticism on Henry Irving describes him as stealing "upon his Quaker audience like a nightmare foaled in sulphurous fires from the lowest depths of the fabled regions of Pluto." Hereupon another Philadelphia paper remarks: "This is a poetic paraphrase of Charles Thorne's well-known characterisation of his brother Edwin's talent. Thorne was not poetic. He simply said: 'Ned is a — of an actor.'"

The Welsh National Eisteddfod, having appealed to the Queen for Her Majesty's patronage, has received the following letter from Windsor Castle:—"Dear Lord Aberdare,—I have laid your letter before the Queen, who has commanded me to assure you that Her Majesty will be happy to patronize the Eisteddfod which is to be held at Aberdare in August.—Yours very truly, H. F. PONSONBY.

A well-known writer on theatrical matters, Mr Clement Scott, has been delivering an address on the subject of "The Stage and the Age." The lecture is described as a review of the history of the stage and of dramatic literature since the beginning of the dramatic revival some twenty years ago. Not every one is aware that any such revival took place at this period. Twenty years ago, almost to a day, Mr Watts Phillips' *Woman in Mauve* was produced at the Haymarket. Mr Robson, junior, played in a burlesque called *Ulysses*, written by Mr Burnand. *Brother Sam* was given at the Haymarket; Mr Tom Taylor's *The Serf* was played. Miss Bateman was engaged in a performance of *The Hunchback*; but in looking through the records of the period not much dramatic revival is to be discovered. Mr Scott again put forward "an earnest plea for the modern poetical drama." But where is it? Who writes it, and who acts it? He protested also against "that deadly curse which is the poison of all art—irreverence." But for what on the contemporary stage can reverence be fairly claimed? For ladies whose fame springs from the photographer's studio; for those who produce classical pieces, and advertise the name of their dressmaker in letters as large as those given to the author of a great work; for well-meaning but mistaken players who misrepresent Shakespeare; for managers who produce plays by authors of note, which plays the authors of note in their lifetime failed to dispose of? The apathy of the stalls, which Mr Clement Scott condemns, may possibly be only the due appreciation of inferior work.—"*Evening Standard*," March 19th.

LORD LYTTON'S "JUNIOUS."—From a note found on the manuscript of *Junius*, or, *The Household Gods*, it would seem that the play was written about the period of the author's most successful pieces, *The Lady of Lyons*, *Money*, and *Richelieu*, and therefore before the production of M. Ponsard's *Lucrèce*, which was brought out at the Odéon in April, 1843. Nevertheless, the resemblance of certain scenes and passages of dialogue with which we were struck on witnessing the performance at the Princess's on Thursday evening were not, and indeed could hardly be, merely accidental. We understand that in the note referred to Lord Lytton distinctly avows and defines his obligations to M. Ponsard. The explanation is that some years after his play was completed he added certain touches derived from M. Ponsard's tragedy. These grafts belong mainly to the scene of the sibyl in the second act, and to that of Lucretia's narrative of her wrongs and appeal for vengeance in the third act. *Lucrèce* is far more simple in construction and less varied in its interest than Lord Lytton's play. Its five acts are presented in four scenes only, affording little scope for picturesque effect. It ends somewhat abruptly in the house of Collatine, where, immediately after the death of Lucretia, Brutus throws back the curtains and admits the excited populace, to whom he delivers a stirring appeal, concluding with the exclamation, "To Rome!" The new play, on which Mr Wilson Barrett has expended so much care and study will, we understand, not be printed. It was the almost invariable custom of the author to publish his plays very soon after their production on the stage, with a preface in each case; but that was before the discovery was made that alien authors may secure rights in their pieces in the United States by simply refraining from publishing them. Why this play was withheld from the stage for more than forty years is not explained. It was, however, clearly written with a view to the stage. Probably the circumstance that it has two leading male characters of equal prominence may have seemed to the author on reflection to make its chances of acceptance somewhat remote, leading actors being notoriously averse to plays of this kind.—"*Daily News*."

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